JOHN JORDAN. UNION SCOUT.

HOW HE SAVED GARFIELD'S REGIMENT.

A TRRILLING EPISODE IN GENERAL GARFIELD'S MILITARY CARKER-AN OLD STORY OF A DAR-ING RIDE REPAINTED FROM THE ATLANTIC MONTBLY, OF OCTOBER 1865.

MONTHEY OF OCTOBER 1865.

Among the many orave men who have taken part in this war,—whose dying embers are now being tradden out by a 'poor white man,'—none, perhaps, have done more service to the country, or won less glory for themselves, than the 'poor whites,' who have neted as securs for the Union armies. The issue of battles, the result of campaigns, and the possession of wide districts of country, have often depended on their sagacity, or been determined by the information they have gathered; and yet they have seldon been heard of in the newspapers, and may never be read of in history.

Homautic, thrilling, and sometimes laughable adventures have attended the operations of the seconds of both sections; but more difficulty and danger have undoubtedly been encountered by the partisans of the North than of the South. Operating mostly within the circle of their own acquaintsnee, the latter have usually seen aided and harbored by the Setthern people, who, generally friendly to Secession, have themselves often acted as spec, and conveyed dispatches across district, occupied by our armies, and inaccessible to any but supposed loyal critizens.

The exercise rendered the South by these voluntiles.

ens.

our armies, and inaccessible to any out supposed loyal citizens.

The service rendered the South by these volunteer scoats has often been of the most important character. One stormy night, early in the war, a young workan set out from a garriseneat town to visit a sick in ele residing a sairt distance in the country. The sick unde, monnting his horse at andinght, rode twenty miles in the rain te-forrest's headquarters. The result was, the important town of Murticesboro' and a promising Major-General fell into the hands of the Confederates; and all because the said Major-General permitted a pretty woman to pass his lines on 'a mission of merey.'

At another time, a Rebel citizen, professing disgust with Secession for having the weakness to be on 'its last legs' took the each of allegiance and assumed the Union uniform. Informing himself fully of the disposition of our forces along the Nashville Railroad, he saddenly disappeared, to reappear with Basil Duke and John Morgan in a midnight raid on our slambering outposts.

Again, a column on the march came upon a wretched woman, with a child in her arms, scated by the slying embers of a burring homestend, her uncle these lattes seldom have not nearer line, 'stood up stret fur the kentry.' No American soldier ever refused a 'lift' to a woman in distress. This woman was seen lifted into an empty saidle by the side of a staff officer, who, with many wise winks and knowing nods, was discussing the intended toute of the expedition with a borther simpleton. A little further on the woman suddenly remembered that another a acle, who did not stand up quite so 'stret fur the kentry,' and, consequently, had a hease still standing up for him, lived pinmp up thet 'ar' hill ter the right o' the highread. She was set down, the column moved on, and—Streight's well planned expedition miscarried. But no one wasted a thought on the follow woman and the sallow baby whose skinny faces were so long within carshot of the wooden-headed staft-officer.

Means quite as ingenions and quite as

were often adopted to conceal dispatches, when the messenger was in danger of capture by an enemy, A boot with a hollow neel, a fragment of corn-bone foo stale to tempt a starving man, a strip of adhesive plaster over a festering wound, or a ball of cotton-wool stuffed into the ear to keep out the word would cost a life, and perhaps endanger an army. The writer has himself seen the hollow half-cagle which bors to Barnside's beleasuesed force the welcome tidings that in thirty hours Sherman would relieve Knoxville.

The perils which even the 'native' scont encountered can be estimated only bythose familiar with the vigilance that surrounds an army. The casual meeting with an acquaintance, the singhtest act inconsistent with his assumed character, or the smallest incongruity between his speech and that of the district to which he processed to belong has sent many a good man to the gallows. One of the best of Reservans's scouts—a native of fast kentucky—lost his life because he would 'bonnee' (mount his mag, pack 'carry his gar, ear his bread 'dry so,' without butter, and 'guzzle his peck o' whiskey in the moist or Bragg's camp, when he such things were done there, nor in the mountains of Alabama, whence he professed to come. Acsent many a good man to the endows. Lask Kenbest of Rose as the would "bounce"
in the seath of Rose as the seature the would "bounce"
in the most of Rose as the seature the would "bounce of Rose as the seature the would be sent than the seature that the seature than the seature than the seatu

on by writing the article. He is now beyond earing of my words; but I would record one has short career, that his pure patriotism end some of us to know better and love more uch abused and misunderstood class to which the war the command of an important

in the war the commune of an inviorant expedition was intrusted to the president stern college. Though a young man, this had already achieved a 'character' and a Beginning life a widow's son, his first six as were passed between a farm, a casual, lack salters. Being an intelligent, enerth is friends farmed the usual hopes of him; a be apprenticed himself to a canal-hop. their faith failed, and, after the fashion of Job's friends they comforted his mother with the assurance that her son had taken the swift train to the Devil. But, like Job, she knew in whom she believed, and the boy soon justified her confidence. An event shortly occurred which changed the current of his life, gave him a purpose, and made him

a man.

One dark midnight, as the boat on which he was employed was leaving one of those long reaches of slackwater which abound in the Ohio and Pennsylvania Canai, he was called up to take his tarn at the bow. Tumbling out of bed, his eyes heavy with sleep, he took his stand on the narrow platform below the bow deck, and began uncoiling a rope to steady the boat through a lock it was approaching. Slowly and sleepily he unwound it, till it knotted, and caught in a narrow cleft in the edge of the deck. He gave it a sudden pull, but it held fast i then another and a stronger pull, and it gave way, but sent him over the bow into the water. Down he went into the dark night and the still darker river; and the boat glided on to bury still darker river; and the boat glided on to bury

held fast i then another and a stronger pair, and it gave way, but sent him over the bow into the water. Down he went into the dark night and the still darker river; and the beat glided on to bury him among the lishes. No human help was near. God only could save him, and He only by a miracle. So the boy thought, as he went down saying the prayer his mother had taught him. Instinctively clutching the rope, he sank below the surface; but then it tightened in his gravp, and held finally. Seizing it hand over hand, he drew himself up out deek, and was again a live boy among the living. Another kink had caught in another crevice, and saved him? Was it that prayer, or the love of his praying mother, which wrought this miracle? He did not know, but, long after the beat had passed the lock, he stood there, in his dripping clothes, pondering the question.

Colling the rore, he tried to threw it again into the crevice; but it had lost the knack of kinking. Many times he tried—six hundred, says my informant—and then sat down and reflected. 'I have thrown this roise,' he thought, six mindred times; I might throw it ten times as many without its eatching. Ten times six hundred are six thousand—so, there were six thousand chances against my life. Against such odds, Providence only could have saved it. Providence, therefore, thinks it worth saving; and if that's so, I won't throw it away on a canal-boat. Til go home, get an education, and be a man.'

He acted on this resolution, and not long afterward stood before a little log cottage in the depths of the Ohio wilderness. If was late at night; the stars were out, and the moon was down; but her eyes were off the page, looking up to the invisible. 'Oh turn unto me,' she said, 'and have merey upon me! give Thy strength unto Thy servad, and save the son of Thine handmaid! More she read, which sounded like a prayer, but this is all that the boy remembers. He opened the door, put his arm about her neck, and his head upon her bosom. What words he said I do not know; but there by her n. So the mother's prayer was answered. So ag up the seed which in toil and tears she had

boy worked, the world rolled round, and the boy worked, the world folied round, and twelve years later Governor Dennison offered him teemmand of a regiment. He went home, opened his mother's Bible, and pendered upon the subject. He had a wife, a child, and a few thousand dollars. It he gave his life to the country, would God and the few thousand dollars provide for his wife and child? He consulted the Book about it. It seemed to answer in the affirmative; and before ned to answer in the affirmative; and before ag he wrote to a friend: 'I regard my life as given to the country. I am only anxious to make as much of it as possible before the mortgage on it

To this man, who thus went into the war with a life not his own, was given, on the 16th of December, 18th, command of the little army which held Kentucky to her moorings in the Union.

He has a nothing of war beyond its lundamental Principles—which are, I beheve, that a big boy can whip a little boy, and that one big boy can whip

two little boys, if he take them singly, one after the other. He knew no more about it; yet he was called upon to solve a military problem which has puzzled the heads of the greatest generals; namely, how two small bodies of men, stationed widely apart, can unite in the presence of an enemy, and beat him, when he is of twice their united strength, and strongly posted behind intrenchments. With the help of many 'good men and true,' he solved this problem; and in telling how he solved it, I shall come unturally to speak of John Jordan, from the head of Bane. shall come naturall the head of Barne.

shall come unturally to speak of John Jordan, from the head of Bame.

Homphrey Macshall with five thousand men had invaded Kentucity. Entering it at Pound Gap, he had fortified a strong natural position near Paintville, and, with saall bands, was overranning the whole Piedmont region. This region, containing an area larger than the whole of Massachusetts, was occupied by about 4,000 blacks and 100,000 whites—a brave, hardy, much population, with few schools, scarcely any churches, and only one newspaper, but with that sort of petriotism which glows among mountaits and clings to its barren hillsides as if they were the greenest spots in the universe. Among this simple people Marshall was scattering firebrands. Stamp-orators were blazing away at every cross-road, lighting a tire which threatened to sweep Kentucky from the Union. That done—as carry in the war—dissolution might have followed. To the Ohio canal-boy was committed the task of extinguishing this conflagration. It was a difficult task, one which, with the means at command, would have appalled any man not made could to it by early struggles with hardship and poverty, and entire trust in the Providence that guards his country.

The means at command were 2,500 men divided into two lorders and senarated by a hundred miles

dence that guards his country.

The means at command were 2,500 men divided into two bodies, and separated by a hundred miles of monatain country. This country was infested with guerrillas and occupied by a disloyal people. The sending of dispatches across it was next to impossible: but communication being opened, and the two columns set in motion, there was danger that they would be fallen on and beaten in detail before they could form a junction. This was the great danger. What remained—the beating of 5,000 Rebels, posted behind intrenhenents, by half their number of Yankees operating in the open field—seemed to the young colonel less difficult of accomplishment.

Evidently the first thing to be done was to find a

Evidently the first thing to be done was to find a trustworthy messenger to convey dispatches be-tween the two laives of the Union array. To this end, the Yankee commander applied to the colonel of the Fourteenth Kentucky.

Have you a man,' he asked, ' who will die, rather than fall or betray us? The Kentuckian reflected a moment, then answered: 'I think I have—John Jordan, from the

The Kontockian reported a mogent, from the head of Baine. A John Jordan, from the head of Baine. A Jorian was sent for. He was a tall, gaunt, saflow man of about thirty, with small gray eyes, a fine, taisetto voice pitched in the minor key, and his speech the rude dialect of the mountains. His face had as many expressions as could be found in a regiment, and he seemed a strange combination of currents, significate, undanned courage, and undoubt-

ton, he talked a quaint sort of wisdom which ought to have given him to history.

The young colonel sounded him thoroughly; for the fate of the little army might depend on his fidelity. The man's saul was as clear as crystal, and in ten minutes the Yankee saw through it. Lis history is stereotyped in that region. Bern among the hulls, where the crops are stones, and the sheeps hoses are sharpened before they can nibble the thin grass between them, his life had been one of the hardest toil and privation. He knew nothing but what nature, the Bible, the 'course of Time,' and two or three of Shakespeare's plays had nagalit him; but comehew in the mountain air he tanght him; but somehow in the mountain air he had grown to be a hun-a man as civilized nations account manhood.

'Why did you come into the war!' at last asked

the colonel.

'To do my sheer fur the kentry, Gin'ral,' answered the man. 'And I didn't dray no barg'in with Lord I gav Him my life squar' ent; and et lie's a mind ter tuck if on this trimap why, it's a His'n; I've nothin' ter say agin it.'

'You mean that you've come into the war not expecting to get on! of it!'

'That's so, Gin'ral.'

'Will you he

·Will you die rather than let the dispatch be

mile away.—twenty Secesh,—ridin' as of de Debil was arter 'em'." barred the door, and hastened to the guest-

She barrer the chamber, 'Go,' she cried, 'through the winder,—ter the woods! They'll be here in a minute,' 'How many is thar?' asked the scout.

'Fwenty,—go,—go at once,—or you'll be taken?'
The scout did not move; but fixing his eyes on

The scatt cid not move; our axing macycon-her face, he said:

'Yos, I yere can. Thur's a sorry chance for my life a'reads. But, Rachel, I've that bent me thet's with more n my life—thet, may-be,'ll save Kaintnek. If I'm killed, wall ye tick it ter Cunnel Craror, at Paris?

'Yes, yes, I will. But go: you've not a minnit to lease I tell you.'

| Kaintuck. If I'm killed, will ye tuck it ter
Cunnel Crapor, at Pays ?

'Yes, yes, I will. But go: you've not a minnit to
lose, I tell you.'

'I know; but wull ye swar it,—swar ter tuck
this ter Cunnel Cranor fore th' Lord thet vere's us?'

'Yes, yes, I will,' she said, taking the bullet. But
horses' boofs were already soupding in the door
yard. 'Oh, why did you stop to parley?'

'Never mind, Rachel,' answered the scont.
'Don't nek on. Tuck ye keer o' th' dispatch.
Valu' it loike yer life.—loike Kaintuck. The Lord's
callin' fur me, and I'm a'ready.'

But the scout was mistaken. It was not the
Lord, but a dozen devils at the door way

'What does ye want?' asked the woman, going to
the door.

the door.

The man as come from Garfield's camp at sua-up—John Jordan, from the head o' Baine,' answered a Voice from the outside.

'Ye karn't hev him fur th' axin',' said the scout.
'Go away, or I'll send some o' ye whar the weather

'Go away, or Pil send seme o' ye what the weather is warm, I reckon.'

'Pahaw! said another voice—from his speech one of the chivalry. There are twenty of as. We'll spar-your life, if you give up the dispatch; if you don't, we'll hong you higher than Haman.'

The reader will bear in mind that this was in the beginning of the war, when swarms of spics infested every Union camp, and treason was only a gentlemanly pastime, not the serious business it has given to be since traitors are no longer dangerous. 'I ve nothir' but my life that I if guy up,' suswered the scout; 'and ef ve tuck that, ye'll have ter pay the price—six o' yourn.'

woman, said:

Good by, Rachel. It'r' a right sorry chance:
but I may git through Ef I do, I'll come ter night;
ef I don't, git ye the dispatch ter the Cunnel. Good

To the right of the house, midway between it and

To the right of the house, midway between it and the woods, stood the barn. That way lay the route of the scout. If he could elude the two mounted men at the doorway, he might escape the other horsemen: for they would have to spring the barnyard fences, and their horses might refuse the leap. But it was foot of man against leg of horse, and a right serry chance. Suddenly he opened the door, and dashed at the two hotses with the petticoat. They reared, wheelest, and bounded away like lightning just let out of harness. In the time that it takes to tell it, the scout was over the first fence, and scaling the second; but a horse was making the leap with him. Th scout's pistol went off, and the rider's carthly journey was over. Another followed, and his horse fell mortally wounded. The rest made the circuit of the barn-yard, and were rods behind when the scout reached the edge of the forest. Once among those thick laurels, no horse nor rider can reach a man, if he lies low, and says his prayers in a whisper.

God bless ye, Rachel' responded the owl, 'ye'r' a true 'ooman — and he hooted louder than before, to deceive pursuers, and keep up the music.

'Ar' yer nag safe T she asked.
'Yes, and good for forty mile afore sun-un.'

'Well, here ar' sathin' ter eat; ye'll need it. Good by, and God go wi'ye.'

'He'll go wi'ye, fur He loves noble wimmin.'
Their hands classed, and they parted; he to his long ride; she to the quiet sleep of those who, out of a true heart, serve their country.

The night was dark and drizzly; but before morning the clouds cleared away, leaving a thick-mist hanging low on the meadows. The scout's mare was fact, but the road was rough, and a slosh of snow impeded the travel. He had come by a strange way, and did not know how far he had travelled by sanrise; but lights were alead, shivering in the haze of the cold, gray morning. Were they the early candles of some sleepy village, or the camo-fites of a band of guerrillas? He did not know, and it would not be safe to go on till he old know. The road was lined with trees, but they would give no shelter; for they were far apart, and the snow lay white between them. He was in the blue grass region. Tethering his horse in the timber, he climbed a tail oak by the toalside; but the mist was toe thick to admit of his discerning anything distinctly. It seemed, however, to be breaking away, and he would was until his way was clear; so he sat there, an hour, two hours, and ate his breakfast from the satchel however, to be breaking away, and he was until his way was clear; so he sat there, an hour, two hours, and atc his breakfast from the satchet John's wife had slung over his shoulder. At last the fog lifted a little, and he saw close at hand a small namict—a few rude huts gathered round a cross-road. No danger could lurk in such a place, cross-road. No danger could lark in such a place, and he was about to descend, and pursue his journey, when suddenly he heard, up the road by which he came, the rapid tramp of a body of horsemen. The mist was thicker below, so half-way down the tree he went, and awaited their coming. They moved at an irregular pace, carrying lanterns, and pausing every new and then to inspect the road, as if they had missed their why or lost sometains. Soon they came near, and were dimly outlined in the gray mast, so the scout could make out their number. There were thirty of them, the original band, and a reinforcement. Again they halted when abreast of the tree, and searched the road narrowly.

when abreast of the tree, and searched the road narrowly.

'He mist have come this way,' said one,—he of the chivairy. 'The other road is six pules longer, and he would take the shortest route. It's an awful pity we didn't head him on both roads.'

'We kin come up with him pit, of we turn plump round, and foller on tother road,—whar we lost the trail.—back thar, three miles ter the deadenin'. Now another spoke, and his voice the seent remembered. He belonged to his own company in the Fourteenib Kentucky. 'It's so, he said; 'he has tuck tother road. I tell ye, I'd know thet mar's shee mong a million. Nary one lolke it was uver seed in all Kaintack,—only a d—d Yankee could ha invented it. "And yere it ar," shouted a man with one of the lauterns, 'plain as sun-up."

The Fourteenth Kentuckian clutched the light,

The Fourteenth Kentuckian clutched the light, and, while a dozen discounted and gathered round, closely examined the shoc-track. The ground was lare on the spot, and the print of the horse's heaf was clearly cut in the half-frozen mad. Narrowiy the man looked, and life and death hung on his evesight. The scont took out the bullet, and placed it in a crutch of the tree. If they took him the Devil should not take the dismatch. Then he drew a revelver. The mist was breaking away, and he would surely be discovered if the men ingered much lenger; but he would have the value of his life to the uttermost farthing.

He pushed on ever the sloshy road, his mare every step going slower and slower. The poor beast was jaded out; for she had travelled sixty miles, eafen nothing, and been stabled in the timber. She would have given out long before, had her blood would have given out long before, had her blood

his beast when he carries dispatches.

The loyalist did not know the scout, but his honest face secured him a cordial welcome. He explained that he was from the Union camp on the Big Sandy, and offered any price for a horse to go

The scout thanked him, mounted the horse, and to of into the mist again, without the warm cakfrist which the good woman had, half-cooked, the kitchen. It was 11 o'clock; and at 12 that the he catered Colonel Cranor's quarters at Paris, awing ridden a hundred miles with a rope round neck, for \$13 a month, hard-tsek, and a shoddy form.

lis neck, for \$13 a month, hard-tack, and a shouldy uniform.

The Colonel opened the dispatch. It was dated, Louisa, Kentucky, December 24, midnight; and directed into to move at once with his regiment (the Fortisth Chico, Seo) strong), by the way of Mount Stirling and McCormick's tran, to Prestonburg. He would incumber his men with as few rations and as little largage as possible, bearing in mind that the safety of his command depended on his expedition. He would also convey the dispatch to Lientenant-Colonel Woodford, at Stamford, and direct him to join the march with his 300 cavalry. Hours now were worth months of common time, and on the following morning Cranor's colonn began to move. The scoul lay by tid ingin, then set out on his return, and at daybreak swapped his now jaded horse for the fresh Kentucky mare, even. He ate the housewife's breakfast, too, and took his ease with the good man till dark, when he again set out, and rode through the night in safety. After that his route was beset with perils. The Providence which so wonderfully granted his way out seemed to leave him to safety. After that his route was beset with periis. The Providence which so wonderfully guarded his way out seemed to leave him to find his own way in or, as he expressed it: 'Ye see, the Lord; He keered more fur the dispatch not He keered fur me; and twas nateral He should; 'ensemy life only counted one, while the dispatch, it stood in all Kaintnek.'

wered the scout; 'and of 've tack thet, ye'll have ter may the price—six o' yourn.'

'Fire the house! shouted one.

'No, don't do thet, said another. 'I know him—he's clar grit.—he'll die in the ashes; and we wen't git the dispatch.

This sort of talk went on for half an hour; then there was a dead silence, and the weman went to the loft, whence she could see all that was passing outside. About a dozen of the horsemen were posted around the house; but the renainder, dismensived had gene to the woods, and were felling a mention in a low tone explained the situation; and the scout said:

'It'r w only chance. I must run for it. Bring me wer red shawl, Rachel.

She had none, but she had a petticoat of flaming red and yellow. Handling it as if he knew how such articles can be made to spread, the scout softly unbarred the door, and grasping the hand of the woman, said:

'Good by, Rachel. It'r' a right sorry chance; but I may git through Ef I do, I'll come ter night; of I don't, git ye the dispatch ter the Cunnel. Good

'Brief the lonce—six o' yourn.'

End don't, mes my life only counted one, while the dispatch, it stood far all Kantuck.'

Be that as it may, he found his road a hard one to travel. The same gang which followed him out waviare him back, as it one starry midnight he fell manon them. They lined the road forty deep, and seeing he could not run the ganutlet, he wheeled his more and fled backward. The noble beast did her part; but a bullet strock het, and she fell in the road dying. Then—it was Hobson's choice—the look to his legs, and, leaping a fence, was at he look to his legs, and, leaping a fence, was at he look to his legs, and, leaping a fine could ving. Then—it was Hobson's choice—the look to his legs, and, leaping a fine could ving. Then—it was Hobson's choice—the look to his legs, and, leaping a fine could ving. Then—it was Hobson's choice—the look to his legs, and, leaping a fine could ving.

With his tresh horse he set out again; and after various adventures and hair-breadth escapes, foo numerous

upon his elbow.
Back safe "he asked. 'Have you seen Cranot "
Yes, Gin'ral. He can't be more'n two days ah nd

'Yes, Gin'ral. He can't be mere'n two days ah nd o' me, nohow.'
'God bless you, Jo 'tan! You have done us great service.' said Gariield warmly.
'I thanks ye, Gin'ral.' said the scout, his voice trembling. Thet's more pay'n I expected.'
To give the reader a full understanding of the result of the scout's ride, I must now move on with sail of the scout's ride, I must now move on with the little army. They are only 1,400 men, worn out with marching, but boldly they move down upon Marshall. False scouts have made him believe they are as strong as he: and they are; for every one is a hero, and they are led by a general. The Rebel has 5,000 men—4,400 infantry and 600 cavalry—besides twelve pieces of artillery,—so ho says in a letter to his wife, which Buell has intercepted and Garfield has in h's pocket. Three roads lead to Marshall's position: one at the east, bearing down to the river, and along its western bank; in down to the river, and along its western bank; another, a circuitous one, to the west, coming in on a paint Creek, at the mouth of Jenny's Creek, on Paint Creek, at the mouth of Jenny's Creek, on the right of the village; and a third between the the right of the village; and a third between the costion of almost impassable ridges. These three

The Rebels bore the body of their comrade back to the house, and said to the woman:

We'll be revenged for this. We know the route he'll take, and will have his life before to-morrow; and you—we'd born your house over your head, if you were not the wife of Jack Prown!

Brown was a loyal man, who was serving his country in the ranks of Marshail. Thereby hangs a tale, but this is not the time to tell if. Soon the men rode away, taking the poor woman's only wagon as a hearse for their dead comrade.

Night came, and the owis cried in the woods in a way they had not cried for a fortnight. Twhoot! they went, as if they thought there was music in hooting. The woman listened, put on a dark mantle, and follewed the sound of they had been human.

They know the road ye'll take,' she said: 'ye muse change yor route. Here ar' the bullet.' God bless ye, Eachel' responded the owl, 'ye 'r' a true 'coman'—and he hooted louder than before, 'Yes, and good for forty mile afore sun-np.' We'll, here ar' suthin tereat: ye'll need it. Good by, and God go w' ye.'

'He'll go w' ye, fur He loves noble wimmin.' Their hands clasped, and they parted: he to his long ride; she to the quiet sleep of those who, out of a true heart, serve their country.

The night was dark and drizzly: but before morning the clouds cleared away, leaving a three was mare in the dianger, when a sign quiet the camp; and cannot be a fortified camp; and large the clouds cleared away, leaving a three was ment is ontlying at the village of Paintville.

To deceive manshall as to his real strength and cleared or for in and is ontlying at the village of Paintville.

To deceive Marshall as to his real strength and cavalry to advance along the river, drive in the samel is ontlying at the village of Paintville.

To deceive Marshall as to his real strength and cavalry to advance along the river, drive in the Rebel pickets, and the wall are is ontlying at the village of them as all force of intanty all cavalry to advance along the river, drive in the cavalry to advance along t

tral route, occupies the abandoned position.

So affairs stand on the evening of the Sth of January, when a spy enters the camp of Marshall, with tidings that Cranor, with 3,300 d) men, is within twelve hours march at the westward. On receipt of those tidings, the big boy,—he weighs 300 pounds by the Louisville hay scales,—conceiving himself outher mbered, breaks up his camp, and retreats precipitately, abandoning or burning a large portion of his supplies. Seeing the lites Garfield mounts his horse, and, with a thousand men, enters the descried camp at 9 in the evening, while the blazing stores are yet unconsumed. He sends off a detachment to haross the retreat, and waits the arrival of Cranor, with whom he means to follow and bring Marshall to battle in the morning.

In the morning Cranor comes, but his men are footsore, without rations, and completely exhausted. They cannot move one leg after the other. But the canal-heavis bound to have a light; so every man who has strength to march is ordered to come forward. Eleven hundred—among them 400 of Cranor's tired herees—step from the ranks, and with them, at noon of the 9th, Garfield sets out for Prestonburg, sending all his available cavafry to follow the line of the enemy's retreat and harass and delay him.

Marching eighteen miles, he reaches at 9 o'clock that night the mouth of Abbott's Creek, three miles below Prestonburg,—he and the 1,100. There he hears that Marshall is encamped on the same stream, three miles higher up; and throwing his

miles below Frestoniourg,—he and the 1,100. There he hears that Marshall is encamped on the same stream, three miles higher up; and throwing his men into bivouac, in the midst of a sleety rain, he sends an order back to Lieutenant-Colonel Shelden, who is left in command at Paintville, to bring up every available man with all possible dispatch, for he shall force the enemy to battle in the mcraing. He spends the night in leating the character of the surrounding country and the disposition of Marshall's forces; and now again Join Jotdan comes into action.

roar like unto Marshall.

Space will not permit me to detail this midnight ramble; but it gave Garfield the exact pestion of the enemy. They had made a stand, and laid an ambuscade for him. Strongly posted on a semi-circular hill, at the forks of Mindle Creek, on both sides of the road, with cannon commanding its whole length and hidden by the trees, they were waiting his coming.

waiting his coming.

The Union commander broke up his biyonac at

streaming in the wind, his face upurned in the darkening daylight, and from his soul is going up a prayer,—a prayer for Sheiden and Cranor. He turns his eyes to the northward, and his hotightens, as he throws of his coat, and says to his hundred men: Boys, we must go at them?

The other is in Rebel gray. Moving out to the brow of the opposite hill, and placing a glass to his eye he too takes a long look to the northward.

word; for six rifles crack, and the Rebel Rajot less on the ground quiveting.

The one in blue looks to the north again, and now, floating proudly among the trees, he sees the starry banner. It is Sheldon and Cranor! The long ride of the scout is at fast doing its work for the nation. On they come like the rushing wind, filling the air with their abouting. The rescued eleven hundred take up the strain, and then, above the serie narray above the extension conflict, above the swift pursuit, above the lessening conflict, above the last boom of the wheeling cannon, goes up the wild huzza of Victory. The galant Gardeld has won the day, and rolled back the disas-

has won the day, and rolled back the disastrons tide which has been sweeping on ever since Big Bethel. In ten days Thomas routs Zollicoffer, and then we have and hold Kentucky.

Every one remambers a certain strist, who, after powering a 'neighing steed,' wrote inderneath the picture. This is a horse, lest it should be mistaken for an alligator. I am tempted to imitate his example, lest the render otherwise, may not detect the rambling parallel I have herein drawn between a Northern and a Southern 'noor white man.'

President Lincoln, when he heard of the battle of Middle Creek, said to a distinguished officer, who happened to be with him:

Fresident Lincoln, when he neard of the dadre of Middle Creek, said to a distinguished officer, who happened to be with him:

'Why did Garfield in two weeks do what would have taken one of you regular folks two months to accomplish?

Because he was not educated at West Point,' answered the West-Popter langhing.

'No,' replied Mr. Lincoln. 'That wasn't the reason. It was because, when he was a boy, he had to work for a living.'

But our good President, for once, was wrong—for once, he did not get at the core of the matter. Jordan, as well as Garfield, 'had, when a boy, to work for a living.' The two nen were, perhaps, of about equal natural abilities—both were born in log huts, both worked their own way to manhood, and both went into the war consecrating their very lives to their country; but one came out of it with a brace of stars on his shoulder, and honored by all the nation; the other never rose from the ranks, and went down to an unknown grave, mourned only among his native mountains. Something more than work was at the bottom of this contrast in their lives and their destinies. It was Free Schools, which the North gave the one, and of which the South robbed the other. Plant a free school at their lives and their destinies. It was Free Schools, which the North gave the one, and of which the South robbed the other. Plant a free school at every Southern cross-road, and every Southern Jordan will become a Garbeld. Then, and not till then, will this Union be 'reconstructed.'—[Atlantic Monthly for October, 1865.

ARMY ORDERS.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 16 .- Leave of absence for seven days has been granted Captain A. S. Daggett, 2d Infantry, recruiting officer. The leave of absence granted Captain J. D. Stevenson. Sih Cavairy, from the headquarters of the Department of Texas, has been extended tour months. The leave of absence, on surgeon's certificate of disability, granted First Loutenant John Whitney, 11th Intantry, from the headquarters of the Department of Dakota, has been extended eleven months on surgeon's certificate of disability, with leave to go beyond sea.

The Superintendent-General of the Recruiting Service has been directly to good that the recruiting service.

has been directed to cause thirty recruits to be prepared, and forwarded under proper charge to San Autonio, Tex., for assignment to the 1st Infantry.

NAVAL ORDERS.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 16 .- The United States steamship Treaton, flacship of Rear-Admiral Howell, arrived at Marseilles September 29, where she will have some steam pipes put in. In the meantime the Rear-Admiral has holsted his flag on the Quinnebaug, which was at Ville Franche October I. The Quinnebaug, which was at Ville Franche October I. The Quinnebaug was to leave for Smyrna the next day, and the Admiral was to transfer his flag to the Wyoming. The health of the squarron is excellent. The United States steamship Dispatch, now at Washington, will go into commission on Monday.

OUT-DOOR SPORTS.

THE HARVARD "SCRATCH" RACES. EXCITING CONTESTS ON THE CHARLES-THE RACE

FOR SENIOR EIGHTS. CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 16 .- The "scratch" races of the Harvard Boat Club were rowed over the Boathouse Straight-away Course at noon to-day. The first race, for single sculls, was won by Holder, of the class of 1880, in 3:18, Agassiz Class of 1884 being only three feet behind.

Pendleton, 1884, upset before reaching the bend. The next race was for freshmen eights. Lewis was stroke of the first crew and Clark of the second. The race was very close to the bend, where bow in the second boat "caught a crab," the crew had to stop rowing. The other boat won by

three lengths in 2:37. The third race was for Senior eighths. First crew Bow, Winthrop, '83; Chalfaut, '82, captain; Curtis, '83, stroke; Coxswain, Oxnard. Second Crew-Bow, Baidwin, '82, C. Hammand, '82, stroke, and captain; coxswain, Buchman, '83; third crew-Bow, Smith, '82; Luce, '82; Brandegee, '81, stroke and captain; coxswain, Sanger, '83; fourth crew-Bow, Sherwood, '83; S. Hammond, '81; captain; Hemenway,

This was a splendid race. Chalfant's boat at the bend This was a splendid race. Chalfant's boat at the bend had a slight lead, with C. Hammond and S. Hammond how and how for second place. Passing the boat-house Chalfaht had slightly increased his lead, whole S. Hammond gamed slightly on C. Hammond, S. Hammond's crew continued their "spirit," and just before reaching the finish passed Challant's crew, and won by a fluid of a length in 2:15. C. Hammond's crew came in a close third, while Brandegee's crew were not lar in the rear. The races were the best of the kind held for many years. The starter was C. M. Belshaw, '83; Judges, M. S. Crehore, '82, and Owen Wister, '82.

TUG-OF-WAR TOURNAMENT. CONTEST BETWEEN TRAMS FROM THE STEAMSHIP LINES.

A tug-of-war tournament was held yesterday afternoon on the Manhattan Polo Grounds, at Onehundred-and-Twelfth-st. and Sixth-ave. Teams repre senting the Inman, White Star, National, North German Lloyd, Guion and other steamship lines competed for money prizes. Teams entered by the Park Athletic, Entre-Nous, Central, Empire City and Police Athletic Clubs contended for gold medals. The Steamship, the Empire City and Police teams were not limited as to weight. The Park and Entre Nous Clubs entered two teams, one of 600 pounds and one of 500, while the Central Club had only one team of 500. Each tog was restricted in time to ten minutes, the team having pulled the centre of the rope to its side of the

mark in that time being declared winners. The first tug was between the Inman and North Ger man Lloyd teams. The Inmans were apparently the tucky leans, ringing vigorously the 500-pound bell heavier. They gained a slight advantage on the fall and which called us to morning prayers and to the subseman Lloyd teams. The Inmans were apparently the Marshall's forces; and now again John Jotdan comes into action.

A dozen Rebels are grinding at a mill, and a dozen Rebels are grinding at a mill, and a dozen Rebels are grinding at a mill, and a dozen Rebels are grinding at a mill, and a dozen Rebels are grinding at a mill, and a dozen Rebels are grinding at a mill, and a tall, and make them prisoners. The miller is a tall, were made for him. He is a Disminorist, too and his very raiment should bear witness against this feeding of his enemies. It does, It goes back to the Rebel camp, and—the seout zoes in it. That chameleon face of his is smeared with meal, and looks the miller so well that the miller's own wife in ght not detect the difference. The night is dark and rainy and that lessens the dancer; but still be is picking his teeth in the very jaws of the hou.—if he can be called a hon, who does nothing but roar like unto Marshall.

Space will not permit me to detail this midnight. held it to the end, winning by five in hes. The White Star and Cunard teams next contended. The Cunarders friends, and the affection and respect of those early won by six feet, having pulled the White Star men that distance at the very start. The Nationals and Guions next came to the front. The latter were the heavier. The winter of 1851-52 he taught school at Warnext came to the front. The latter were the heavier. but the former were full of pluck. Weight, however, commenced a correspondence which has been maintened the advantage in the fall and the Guions nearly won the tur. At the last moment by a tremendous effort, however, the Nationals succeeded in making the centest vacation worked at carpenter and joiner work at and the Council teams, then pulled, the Cunarders winning by 26 inches. The ponderous boatswain who acted as anchor of the Conard team, was the rock upon which they founded their hopes, and they were not disappeated. All efforts to move him were vain. Easting might have done it, but that was not allowed. The spectators were much amused by the "yo-neave-on" waten the seamen cried as they tried to hauf each other in.

In order to rest the sailors, the 500-pound teams of the Central and Park Clubs next pulled, the Centrals winning by 15 incaes. The wiry amiteurs showed much more scence than the burly seamen, and were loudly applieded. The next contestants were the heavy terms of the Eutre-Nous and Park Clubs. The former won by only 3 inches, the pull being "nip

loadly ar anded. The next contestants were the heavy terms of the Entre-Nons and Park Chuba. The former woo by only 3 mehes, the pull being "nip and tag" all the way through. The Guion steamer tesm maving withdrawa, the Nationals and Conarders quited the fluid locat. The Cunarders wen by 2 menes after a nird strungle in which they were carried by an outsider. There was a great deal of coacting done during the contests without any remonstrance from the managers of the grounds until the last tag. The Poice team defeated the Empire Chy by 8 indees. The light teams of the Coutral and Entre-Nons (does then pulled, the latter winning by 32 inches. Then the teams of the Entre-Nons and Park Chuba suiled, the former winning by 7 meles. The Entre-Nons light team defeated the Park light team in the final next by 25 inches. It was dark when the last game was ended.

COLLEGE BOYS AT BALL. CONTEST AT HOBOKEN BETWEEN STEVENS AND BUTGERS.

The football season was opened yesterday at the St. Georges Cricket Club grounds at Hobokeu, with a match between the first elevens of Stevens Insti-inte and Ruigers College. The following were the teams: Rutgers-W. Chamberlain, Marshal, How, Rogers, Beek-msn, forwards; DeWitt, quarter, back; Morrison, (Captain) C. Chamberlain, Scudder, hail-backs; Smith and W. Seudder, backs.

Stevens-Coe, Butler, Dilworth, Lyall, Riesenberger forwards; Percy, quarier-back; Denton, Moore, Mc-Naughton, (Captain) haif-backs; Vanatta and Howell,

condition, but it was easy to see that the Rutgers men played better together and passed the ball more skilfully, while the Stevens team has material for a strong eleven, but is not so well trained.

There was a fair attendance of spectators to witness the contest, although the majority was made up was won by the Stevens men, who accordingly and the kick-off. Here Rutgers snowed good play, and after a brief skirmish succeeded in gaining a touchdown, and Scuttler kicked a goal, thus winning the first game. This encouraged the winners, who, by brisk play, kept the ball well ahead. Two safety touchdowns were gained by Stevens and a run made by Moore called forth much appliance, when time was called by the judges.

After a rest of tifteen minutes, the game was begun afresh, with a kick-off by Rogers of the Rutgers. A touchdown was then gained by the latter team, which

afresh, with a stored by Roger's of the article of the control of the ball soon after, C. Chamberlain received a severe kick in the neck which forced him to stop playing, and his place was filled by Demarcas, spars man. The Stevens men now made a vigorous effort to drive their opponents to their goal, and were partly successful, atthough the Ruigers obtained a safety touchdown. This accused to put fresh strength into the Stevens team, who finally stoccated in getting a touchdown. The wind was now in their favor for kicking the goal, but the pole was barely missed, attouch the direction of the ball was well judged, and one of the goal work when time was called by the judges and the game stood: Ruigers one goal, one touchdown and two safety touchdowns, to one touchdown and two safety touchdowns.

The Stevens team has arranged to play the Princeton eleven at Princeton next Saturday, while the Ruigers team expects to play the Yale Foot-ball team at an early day.

ATHLETICS IN JERSEY CITY.

BASE-BALL NOTES. The Metropolitan Base-ball Club played the Troy Club at the UnionGrounds, Brooklyb, yesterday, and defeated the Trojaus by a score of 6 to 3. Friday the

In Washington on Friday the Chicago Ciub defeated the National Ciub by a score of 6 to 0.

The National Club was disbanded yesterday. The Aimendarez Club, of Havana, has secured a plendid inclosed ground for base-ball and athletic games, and the fleid is to be opened next month. Tae managers are doing all they can to make base-ball pop-ular, and they feel assured of their ability to establish

score was : Troy, 6 ; Metropolitan, 7.

the game in Cuba before the expiration of another year. There are several cubs to Havana, the leading ones being the Almendarez and Havana.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

MR. WHISTLER'S THAMES ETCHINGS. To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: The object of Mr. Whistler's letter to TRE THIBUNE is not very apparent. When Mr. Whistler lived in my house as a member of my family, Delatre, who was also there on my business, did indeed print a limited number of impressions of such of his Thames plates as were then completed, but I always supposed that those plates were first published as a series by Mr. Eilis, and that he employed a steel-plate printer on the occasion.

However this may be, I am of op mon that it was quite open to me, or to any one, to compare the impressions of this series with the earlier trials of Delatre and the later proofs of Goulding, and on the strength of such comparison to say, as I did say in the lecture correctly quoted by Mr. Hamertoo, that and that a delicate, etched plate must not, as recommended by a writer in The Pall Mull Gazette, be "thoroughly scoured with a cloth"!

If I understand Mr. Whistler, he seeks to impugn this inference by discrediting the data on which it was founded, to which end he informs your readers that not only had more impressions been taken of his Thames plates both by himself and by Delatre than I had sopposed, but that it was not till after their sale had been completed that the plates themselves fell into the hands of Mr. Ellis. Very likely, All I have to say is that I did not know it, that I remember nothing in Mr. Ellis's prospectus of their publication to enable me to infer it, and that if I had known it it would have not altered in any way whatever the opinion expressed in my lecture. I am, sir, your obedient servant. F. SEYMOUR HADEN. London, Oct. 3, 1880.

REMINISCENCES OF GENERAL GARFIELD A LETTER FROM HIS OLD CHUM-INCIDENTS OF HIS LIFE AT SCHOOL-HIS PURE AND MANLY CHAR-ACTER-MADNESS OF PUTTING THE SOUTH IN POWER.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sin: It is twenty-nine years since I made the acquaintance of General James A. Garfield. In August, 1851, I entered the Western Reserve Edection Institute, at the same time he became a student, and my first recollection of him is of a broad-shouldered, stalwart young man of twenty, dressed in a suit of K-nquent recitations of the day. We soon became fast Hiram for 75 cents a day and our board. At the begin amg of the fall term of 1852 we made arrangements for boarding ourselves, and were room-mates. The tollow ing winter he remained at Hiram, but I was absent until the fall of 1853, when I returned to the school, where

he was then both student and teacher.

In the spring of 1854, I took a school sixteen miles from this city, at Schraaienburg, N. J., and the following

In the spring of 1854, I took a school sixteen miles from this city, at Schraalenburg, N. J., and the following July, when he was on his way to Williams College, we met at Soath Butler, Wayne Co., in this State, where we spent the 4th with friends, and on the morning of the 5th searted for this city. We spent the 6th viewing the wonders of New-York. The Crystal Palace Exhibition was then in progress, and we spent part of the day tarre and also visited Barnam's Muscum.

Toward evening we left the city for schraalenburg, where he spent several days with me, and then proceeded to Williamstown. It is now twenty, and I know not whether Mr. Conclus Quackenburk, with whom we stayed, as stilliving; but if so, he will haproud to know that the young man who spent a lew days under his hospitable roof in 1854 was none other than the present candidate for President of the United States.

Thus from the long and intimate acquaintance of nearly thirty years I may say that a nobler man, a man of pure heart or more honest and patriotic purposes than James A. Garfield, God never made. He win be a President who will exercise the auties of his high office with an unswerving integrity and starkeness of purpose winea will go fair to heat the warengedered hates of the South and solidify the Union sentiment of the whole Nation. There never was an hour in all the dark days of the war when a rebel victory was not a Godsend to the Democratic party. And now the men who call themselves Democrate party. And now the men who call themselves Democrate party. And now the men who call themselves Democrate party. And now the men who call themselves Democrate party. And now the men who call themselves Democrate party. And now the men who call themselves Democrate party. And now the men who call themselves Democrate party. And now the men who call themselves Democrate party. And now the men who call themselves Democrate party. The people of the french, count if ampten and flat and Batler and his bloodhounds, among the leving, and Lee and Sherian and

New-York, Oct. 9, 1880.

WHY SHAKESPEARE WAS NOT AN ACTOR.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: That the Bard of Avon had dramatic ability is abundantly shown in ac performance of minor characters, and it is fair to presume that acting was more in accordance with his tasts There is more glory in acting, to say nothing of satisfaction, for, although the actor's audience may never be so large nor so intelligent as that of the successful writer, the impression made by a sterling dramatic performance is far deeper than any to be derived from reading. We invariably remember the acting of great men, that we saw in our young days, even when we berget the best efforts of classic authors. We are at liberty to glide over or merely glance

through a great book, but there is no escape from the impression made by a powerful actor. It is also evident from Shakespeare's habits that he cared very little whether his literary productions outlived his own generation. But there is as a rule always something distasteful in theatrical life to people of refinement. The associations are seidom congenial. Even in the best companies that have ever been organ zed there has been an element of coarseness, which, from its constant close proximity, is almost insufferable. If there is only one black sheep in the flock he is ever present. He must be recognized and treated as a companion. The "star system" was but little known in Shakespeare's time, and actors were not coming and going so rapidly as now. Indeed the whole the crical profession of England was like one family. And it is searcely worth while for a man of gentle attributes to

fight against large odds in the form of demoralizing us-

shoty tonendowns.

The Stevens team has arranged to play the Princeton exception next Saturday, while the Ruigers leave at Princeton next Saturday, while the Ruigers leave to play the Yale Foot-buil team at an early day.

ATHLETICS IN JERSEY CITY,

The third annual fall meeting of the Olympic Athletic Club of Jersey City was held vesterday afternoon at the Hudson County Caledonian Club grounds, in Baldwin-ave, that city. The attendance was very large. The first event was a run of 100 yards, open only to the members of the home club. The first heat was won by T. G. Hinds second by F. G. Pendexter and the third by F. L. Taylor. Mr. Pendexter won the final heat in 10½ seconds, with T. G. Hinds second. There were eleven entries in a 220-yards hurdle race, handleap, open to all comers. The final heat was won by H. Alsheimer, of the Empire City Athletic Club, in 282, seconds, with C. Z. Southard, of Brooklyn, second. An open handleap dash of 100 yards, with twenty entries, was divided into six heats and was very exerting. The final heat was won by G. J. Brandish, of Staten Island, in 10 seconds, the fastest time on record. A protest was entered by some of the contestants because the name of Mr. Brandish did not appear on the programme of the club. E. C. Beech, the secretary, stated that Mr. Brandish did not appear on the programme of the club. E. C. Beech, the secretary, stated that Mr. Brandish did not appear on the programme of the club. E. C. Beech, the secretary, stated that Mr. Brandish and had been sent to the printers and he had list's name had been asent to the printers and he had list's name had been asent to the printers and he had list's name had been asent to the printers and he had list's name had been asent to the printers and he had list's name had been asent to the printers and he had list's name had been asent to the printers and he had list's nam sociations, when a higher field is open to him. In stock companies there must be intimacy. The

Brandish did not appear on the programme of the club. E. C. Reed, the secretary, stated that Mr. Brandish's name had been sent to the printers and he had been duly entered. The reteree decided that Mr. Brandish was not entitled to the medal, and it was given to the second man, F. E. Mettam, of the Bayonae Rowing Association.

A quarter-mile run was won by F. G. Pendexier. In 594 seconds. There were over twenty starters in the one-mite walk. It was won by G. W. Young, of the Olympic Athletic Club, in eight minutes and seven seconds. The final heat of the 220 yards dish, open handicap, was won by C. J. Conneil, of the American Athletic Club, in twenty-five and a half seconds, with W. W. Davis, of the Madison Athletic Club, a good second. A walk of one mile was won by Frederick Weed, in 84 minutes. The final heat of a tag-of-war, open to teams insuled in weight, was won by the Clinton Athletic Club, is mined in weight, was won by the Clinton Athletic Club, was a good second.

District Mexicopolities of the secretary, stated that Mr. Brandish crossed the line first in a half-mile run, open handicap; time, 2 minutes, 7 seconds. Charles W. Shous, of the Jersey City Athletic Club, was a good second.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, GENERAL DI CESNOLA ANNOUNCES ITS REOPENING WITH A NEW LOAN EXHIBITION.

SR: The Metropolitan Museum of Art will reopen its doors to the public on the 20th inst. with a new loan exhibition of paintings. The free days will new ioan exhibition of plaintines. The free days will continue to be as before—Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, and the muscuta will be open from 10 a.m. thi matches 5 o'clock p. m. On Monday and Tuesday, for those visitors who are not members of the institution or holders of permanent tackets, the admission fee will probably be reduced to 25 cents.

New-York, Oct. 10, 1880.

L. P. DI CESSOLA.